

# The Oxford Democrat.

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NUMBER 17.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

BY GEO. H. WATKINS,

Editor and Proprietor.

Terms—\$2.00 per Year.

For each of space one week.

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## For the Democrat.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I love the spring with childlike heart.

The same as in my boyish days;

I love to see the swift birds dart.

And hear their sweet poetic praise:

To see the grass on all the hills—

Arise in greenery fine and fair;

To watch the running of the rills

Escaping Winter's binding snare:

To note the gorgeous, rolling clouds

In yonder expanse of deepening blue;

And hail the stars, that night enshrouds

In her divine and darkened hue!

My heart exults in all the store

Of good and happy things I see.

In one moment God speaks more

Than men can ever tell to me.

I feel assured that His kind care

Can never lapse or threat to fail;

That Love and Beauty I must share

That here so splendidly prevail;

That He who wakes the sleeping soul—

And decks with flowers the waiting soil—

Will bless me in my utmost need,

And be my Father and my God!

## "HELP! MURDER!"

I, Roscoe Anthon, am a book seller.

My friend Arnold Percy, is a cashier in

a bank. Our friendship dates back to

boyhood, and will last as long as life

does. We are not very old; I am thirty,

and he is two years younger. We are

both well-to-do in the world. There is

scarcely a scheme for the material ad-

vancement of the city in which we have

not a direct money interest. We each

own a little—not very much—of the

stock of the bank in which my friend

holds a position. This is our oldest

venture and it pays well. We each

own stock—more this time—in the

water-works and pumping machinery

by which the city is supplied with water.

We are quiet and steady in our habits.

I have the reputation of being a good

business man—in books; he—in money.

But most men have some enthusiasm

outside of business. We have. In fact,

we have two. And they are psychology

and electricity. We room in the same

house and on the same floor and on ex-

actly opposite sides of the hall. My

room is open to him at any time and

his to me. But in the interests of elec-

trical science, we each have a telegraph

instrument of the most costly kind on

our respective tables and a "line" be-

tween our rooms. Besides this we have

a telephone communication. A queer

freak, you say. So be it. We enjoy it,

and can afford it, and we have it.

Rare books, old and new, which treat

of either electrical or psychological ques-

tions find their way to our tables and

are read and discussed.

We amuse ourselves for hours togeth-

er with our instruments. Then we

will meet in the room of one or the

other to read, to smoke, to talk, yes,

let me confess it—to write. For we are

each at work on a book. Mine is not a

book-seller's catalogue. I will confess it

again; it is a book on dreams. And

Arnold Percy, who will never write any-

thing very remarkable on finance, is

making a very readable book on tele-

graphic communication.

We are too good friends to be selfish.

Arnold will talk an entire evening on

whatever pleases me best. He records

his dreams for me and helps explain them.

This is, when he has any dreams. We

are both too sound sleepers to dream

much. I, on the other hand, help him

in every way in my power.

In the preface of my book there are

two fundamental statements which I will

copy here. They are as follows:

"It may help in our study of dreams

to assert that they are the results of de-

finite, even if not understood causes, and

that the study of a dream should include

the study of the day before the night

during which the dream occurs.

"As it is difficult to tell just when

sleep (consequently dreaming) begins and

ends, we should study all events which

are closely connected with a dream in

the light of the science of dreams."

I will begin then, with the morning

of a certain day and relate, in consid-

erable detail, some of the events of that

day. Arnold had told me the night be-

fore that he should rise early to write a

few pages in his book. We had retired

late, and had left our doors open in order

to get more air during the hot night

than was otherwise possible.

I opened my eyes just before daylight.

In the room objects which were lighted

from the window alone were in obscurity.

But a flood of daylight poured in at my

open door from the room in which my

friend was hard at work.

"Up with the birds aren't you?" said

I. And certainly the birds were sing-

ing in a pleasant manner outside.

"Hold on. I want to try an experi-

ment. Look toward the door."

"All right."

From my place in bed I could not see

into Arnold's room, but as I looked the

decrease in brightness showed me that

he had turned his gas almost, but not

quite out. He turned it on again, then

almost out, and so on; sometimes slowly,

sometimes quickly, the light would be

almost extinguished. I saw in a moment,

although the idea was a new one to me;

calling a slow cutting off of the gas a

dash, and a quick one a dot, my friend

was saying to me: "Good morning, my

dear friend, Roscoe."

I answered him by a series of raps on

the wall. He went on with his writing.

I rose and dressed.

I don't remember much about break-

fast, but after breakfast we walked

down to the new pumping-works. We

examined the system quite thoroug-

ly, learned how "fire pressure"—

that is, the pressure when the hy-

drants are used for fire purposes—

could be maintained, and returned to the

work of the day with an increased idea

of the value of the interest we had in

the water-works.

My day was a busy one. Arnold's

day was a busy one. My day was quite

like other days, except in one or two par-

ticulars. I had a large quantity of

books come by express, and so attended

to them instead of going home to dinner.

We live far out on the edge of the city,

and I could not spare the time to go.

Arnold's day was quite like other days

too, as I have learned since. He sent

me a note from the bank after his return

from dinner, saying that he would come

to the bookstore after banking hours,

that is, after 3 o'clock, and asking me

if I could possibly leave my work in the

hands of a clerk and take a drive with

him into the country. I sent back a re-

ply that I would go. I was glad he was

coming for me, for the bank was a long

distance from the store and the day was

terribly hot.

At 3 o'clock I was ready, but Arnold

did not come. At 4 he sent another

note.

"A mistake of a few cents somewhere

is giving us lots of trouble. I shall let

the rest go in a little time, but I must

stay until the books are all right. Go

without me."

I sent one of the clerks out for a car-

riage, and I drove out into the country.

I got away from the hot air of the city.

I saw the green grass and the pure

water, and the flowers and the blue sky.

But I was too busy thinking to enjoy

them much. I was running over in my

mind the points which I intended to in-

clude in the next two or three chapters

of my book.

I returned to the city at 7 o'clock, and

saw one of those unfortunate things oc-

cure which are altogether too frequent

in large cities. A large man, with a pecu-

liar face, which face I need not

stop to describe, stood on a street corner.

Another man came up. Words passed

between them. The large man knocked

the other man down, and ran away just

as the police arrived.

A window flew up, and some one in-

sided (a woman I judged, although the

curtain hid all but the hands) stood with

hands tightly clasped for a moment.

Then, beating them up and down in the

air in a frantic manner for a few seconds,

the person disappeared with a shrill cry

of "Help! Murder!"

It wasn't murder, though. The man

was senseless for a few minutes, but be-

fore I drove on was well enough to walk

away.

I went home. Arnold had not arrived

yet. I ate my supper, went to my room

and spent the early evening writing in

my book. I remember that I wrote on

the remarkable sensibility of the ear in

some dreams and on the interpretation of

a series of dreams. Arnold had not re-

turned when I retired at about midnight.

It is, perhaps no wonder I dreamed. I

remember saying to myself that it would

rain soon. I remember closing my win-

dow to guard against the coming storm.

To help cool the room I opened the

water-cock. I remember looking at my

watch which pointed to five minutes to

twelve, and, I am certain of nothing

more, save the getting into bed, until I

awoke again. To be sure it seems as

though I lay for a time in luxury of per-

fect restfulness, and then sank slowly to

sleep. But as my dream was of some-

thing happening in bed, I shall not at-

tempt to say when it began.

I thought it was morning. I opened

my eyes. I wondered why the birds

were not singing. My door slowly open-

ed. A flood of light poured in. It les-

sened and brightened, and I read from

the flashes "Help! Murder!"

I awoke to find my door shut, no trace

of there having been any gas lighted;

and I saw that the storm was almost up-

on us. The thunder could not be heard

yet, but the lightning was very vivid.

With such flashes lighting up my room



Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided that retaining to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them unsealed for is prima facie evidence of fraud.

The Argus thinks that Governor Robie should appoint a Democratic Judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Chief Justice Appleton.

A barrel of cider burst at Tillson's wharf, Wednesday night, deluging the depot.—Rockland Courier.

It must have been either a very small depot or a tremendous barrel.

The beauty of our silver dollar coinage system has been made more prominent, during the past week, by the detection of counterfeiters. These counterfeiters are exactly like the Bland dollar, containing the same amount of silver (412 1-2 grains) of the requisite fineness. Their origin alone is suspicious and the counterfeiters simply pocket the 12 or 14 cents on each dollar which the government as dishonestly takes from the people.

CHASE SCHOOL HOUSE.—WOODSTOCK.—A very interesting article concerning the Chase School House, Woodstock, which appeared in the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, April 3, has been printed in pamphlet form, for preservation. Copies may be had of A. M. Chase, Bryant's Pond, at five cents each, or by application to this office.

PARIS HILL MFG CO. advertised two yoke of oxen for sale, in the last issue of this paper. Within three days thereafter, a party who saw the advertisement, came to their office and purchased the cattle. This is one of those cases of speedy returns, which we often have reported from advertisers in this paper.

WHIPPED FOR WIFE BEATING.—ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 25.—William Pack, convicted of whipping his wife, was given twenty lashes this afternoon on his bare back. This is the first enforcement of the law punishing wife beaters in this county.

Good. We should have such a law in this State.

"Notes from the Mississippi Shore," "Colorado Small Talk" No. 2, and one of Dr. Pratt's copies of "Old Documents" will be found on page 1 of this week's supplement. On the second page are "Prohibition in Maine," and a report of the Bethel Farmers' Club's final meeting. Among interesting articles on the regular sheet is another by "D. P. S." on "Old Times in South Paris," in which he claims to disprove a portion of "S. P. M.'s" and "Absentee's" criticisms of his former article.

It is a mooted question whether Brooklyn bridge should be free for pedestrians. The bridge people want to tax everything that crosses, but the Legislature has taken it up and the lower branch to-day passed a bill making the bridge free for foot passengers. If it were to cost as much or more to cross by the bridge as by the ferries, the public would wonder where the benefit of the costly structure is coming in.—Portland Advertiser.

If the Editor of the Advertiser lived in Brooklyn, and was obliged to cross to New York some foggy morning, with ice running at a 12-40 gait, he would see where the "benefit" came in, even if he paid 25 cents for the privilege of walking over the "costly structure," instead of the three cent ferry fee.

CAPT. W. R. SWAN of Chelsea, Mass., sends us a copy of the Chelsea Telegraph, containing an account of the reunion of Company H., First Massachusetts Volunteers. Among the veterans present was A. S. Austin, esq., of Paris, now Clerk of Courts for Oxford County. The Telegraph says:

Several were present who had not appeared for years and were not easily recognized, and heaps of fun was had, in re-creating each other, to find out and renew their acquaintance by their own methods. But once recognized how glad they were to meet again. In the case of Col. A. S. Austin, formerly first lieutenant in Co. H., who was extremely popular as an officer and beloved as a friend wherever he became acquainted, there was much conjecture as to who he was; he had been seen among his comrades but once since he served on Gen. Stoneham's staff, and having somewhat changed in personal appearance, it was natural that he should be not easily remembered; but when once recognized it was difficult to decide which was the most delighted, the recognizer or the recognized.

It also gives a brief report of Mr. Austin's speech, which was full of timely suggestions and enthusiasm.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Andrews & Curtis, the enterprising merchants of West Paris announce that they have put in a spring and summer stock of goods, including everything usually kept in a general country store. You will get a square deal with this firm.

Notice of Sullivan R. Hutchins, guardian of Walter Ackley.

Alcock's Porous Plaster.

Dust Proof Stem Winding Waltham Watch.

Two Insolvency Notices.

W. E. Frost offers for sale a fine farm of 72 acres, in Norway. Norway village affords a near market for farm produce, and farms should be valuable in that section.

Noyes Drug Store advertises Window Shades and Curtains, Baby Carriages, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.

Vegetine, the great Blood Purifier.

Abiel Chandler, Jr., Bethel, has for sale the L. A. Dow Disc, and Randall and Corbin Wheel Harrows, and other farming tools.

Note Lost.

Notice of Sale in estate of John H. Douglass late of Upton.

Grade Ayrshire Bull calf for sale.

H. C. Andrews, Bethel, has just received a car-load of the Buggies and Phaetons.

S. R. Hutchins announces that his fine stallion "Bonner Spirit of '76," is ready for service during the season of '83.

State Treasurer's Notice of Assessment on wild lands of Oxford County.

M. M. Philney, Norway, has a large line of spring clothing.

Horatio Stapp has kid gloves selling for \$1, which are warranted not to rip. He will send a new pair for every pair which rips on first putting on.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ALBANY.—Osgood Drew has recently lost a good cow by stoppage. He could have sold her a short time ago for \$40. Mrs. Anna Flint lost a good cow a few weeks ago. Mr. Ephraim Bean lost a two years old heifer, nature of disease not known; was falling some weeks.

Mr. Newton C. Moore and family have the measles. Many others have been exposed so that we look for quite a sprinkling of the uncomfortable disease pretty soon.

Henry O. Wilber has cut his foot quite badly, it will probably lay him aside from work a few weeks, which is quite a misfortune at this busy season.

Miss Adria Dresser has engaged to teach spring and fall terms at East Stoneham, at the moderate price of six dollars per week.

Grass is looking finely. Stock is generally looking well. Pigs not very plenty, selling from \$3 to \$3.50.

A. G. Bean's boys have sold their cosset lamb (about 7 weeks old,) for \$2. It weighed over 25 pounds.

Oxen are selling readily at high figures.

The Deacon Buckley farm in North Waterford has been sold to Ezra Hersey.

L.

ANDOVER, April 26.—J. B. Straw, of Lewiston, on Wednesday started for the Lakes, via Andover, on arriving there he learned that the roads were utterly impassable when he had not more than twelve or fifteen miles to make. He returned to Lewiston and Thursday took the train up through, where he expected to get away to his destination. Motto.—All ways take this route to the lakes.—Philips Photograph, April 13.

A little too previous Mr. Photograph. Mr. Straw's attempt to reach the Lakes via Phillips was unsuccessful. So he came back to this place the 17th, and went through to the lakes with three teams the next day. Moral.—'Id list petter mein frient you don't feel too sure."

The village school is having a vacation of two weeks.

The Congregational society met at Union Hall, Wednesday evening, last.

Rev. C. S. Cummings of the M. E. Church, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday, and is attending the conference this week. The society is prospering and close the year free from all debt.

Miss Carrie M. Corson of Bridgton, has been engaged to teach the summer school in Dist. No. 3.

We learn that Mr. S. W. Richards has bought a large part of E. E. Bedell farm.

Some of our farmers commenced plowing last week.

Beauty of Hebron, seems to be the coming potato, for Andover at least, judging by the demand for that variety for planting the present season.

John L. Bailey, lately of Lowell Mass., has bought an undivided half of the farm owned and occupied by J. H. Bailey, esq., of this place.

Messrs. E. S. and O. B. Poor are having their barn and stable repainted.

Inside changes and improvements are being made at the Andover House.

Farm help is rather scarce and commands a good price. Wages ranging from \$20 to \$25 per month.

BETHEL, April 25.—About two inches of snow this morning. A good run of sap, to-day, on Swan Hill.

Mr. S. Estes's family are, very sick.

Mrs. H. Holt has been quite sick, but is now better.

Mr. Joshua Chase is eighty-four years of age. He was born in New Hampshire, in the town of Nottingham, now called Hudson. He has lived in Bethel more than forty years. His wife, who is a native of this town, is eighty-one years of age. This aged couple live at Middle Intervale, with their son and his wife, who kindly care for them in their declining years.

Mrs. E. P. Kimball has taught 24 weeks of school since last May.

Mrs. Ella Carter has been very ill, but hope she is improving.

Cor.

Apr. 25.—Notwithstanding the long, severe winter we endured, mother earth seems still determined to make it plain to one and all that there is a something upward in her that is tending outward and upward and which is rapidly converting the defacings then received into things of beauty and places of delightful resort. One of the most delightful sights I ever witnessed was on last Thursday, while in my sugar orchard gathering up my sap buckets. I was suddenly surrounded by the ever-merry songs of more than one thousand robins from every tree top; while these winged inhabitants of the air, floating in the aroma of nectar, everywhere emitting their beautiful songs in thrice ten thousand voices. Perhaps many of the readers of your valuable paper may doubt there ever were a thousand robins collected in one group, say on a space of one acre; but the writer will state he was accompanied by two others who saw the same beautiful sight, and can vouch for the same.

The maple sugar business has been a complete failure. Sugar orchards which have produced in years past from 75 to 100 gallons of syrup, have made this spring not much more than 20 to 30 gallons.

Samuel Stowell, who has kept the record for over fifty years past of the number of feet of snow that has fallen each winter, reports about ten feet fell the past winter.

The piece of land, containing about seventeen acres, known as a part of the estate of the late Dr. Mason, situated between Broad and Chapman Streets, was purchased last week by Mrs. Ellen M. Chandler, of the Bethel Savings Bank.

It is now proposed to open a street from Broad Street, near the residence of Mrs. C. S. Littlehale, to Chapman Street, near George Plasted's house.

It is said several new buildings are to be erected this summer. Bethel Hill is not defect, but is on the boom.

C.

CANTON.—H. G. Thayer at Canton Point is running his mill day and night and doing a large business, he will begin setting up shoo the first of June.

Building and repairing is the order in Canton village. William Harper is building a stable; Carroll Hutchinson's Dwelling house is undergoing a general repair; A. G. Staples is putting an addition to his building; the foundation for Peabody Block is soon to be made, the lumber has arrived and Robert Swett has been engaged by Mr. Peabody as master workman; the Gilbert's new dwellings will be ready for occupancy in about one month. The general outlook for business is good.

A. Packard has opened a store of agricultural implements of all kinds. Mr. Packard is a practical farmer, and knows well the the farming implements that will best suit the farmers.

Edwin Thompson has repaired and replenished his tin-ware and hardware store, and now has a fresh stock of goods.

We are glad to record the fact that Postmaster Hayford is regaining his health.

Lake View Lodge of I. O. of G. T., at Canton, is still in a flourishing condition. It now has over one hundred members; meetings are held weekly and well attended.

Rev. O. Roy, who has labored with success in Canton for the past year, will remain another year. (Success.)

FREYBURG, April 21st.—Mr. A. O. Pike has bought Mr. Wm. Stilphen's house. Mr. Stilphen is thinking of going West. Mr. C. W. Pike has bought of Mr. Allard the house on Portland St., formerly owned by Mr. John Wentworth.

Temperance meeting at the New church, Sunday p. m. Readings by Misses Sara Towland and Alice Gilles; remarks by Messrs. Stone, Pike, S. Stark, etc.

The funeral of Mr. Oscar McIntire was attended by Dr. Mason, on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Thos. Pike of East Freyburg died, April 18th.

Mr. J. W. Towle has bought the shop built by Mr. James Lord, and moved it on Main St., between his house and Mr. Warner's. He intends to open a bakery.

Mr. R. C. Harmon has moved into the Eaton house.

Fast day afternoon there was a game of ball between the Academy boys and a picked nine of the village boys—resulting in a victory for the former.

Thursday evening the first meeting of the Academy Lyceum was held; a very successful opening.

Mrs. A. H. Evans is visiting friends in Mass.

Mr. David Sawyer is intending to return to Freyburg to live.

Mr. J. E. Osgood is in town.

Rev. J. C. Mason, D. D., of Freyburg, has received a special invitation from the President of "Societe Generale de pour l'Enfance Abandonnee on Coupable" to attend, and take part in the discussions, at an International Congress, to be convened at Paris in June next. Dr. Mason has been a corresponding member of Le Societe Generale de Prisons, for some years, and an occasional contributor to the Bulletin published bi-monthly at Paris.

INO.

GREENWOOD, April 23rd.—Snow has disappeared of late.

Cummings & Bro. doing good business at the mill.

Mrs. S. B. Cole, who is 92 years of age, is quite well.

Mrs. Joseph Cummings is 85 years of age; she is very feeble and has been sick since last Oct., and is kindly cared for by her daughter.

Mr. Lemuel Dunham has a drawing of his own work, of "Solomon's Temple," and is prepared to give instructions and explanations to Sabbath schools. Mr. D. has many productions of his own composition that are worthy of publication.

Mrs. W. Cole has a little girl about three weeks old.

Mrs. Woodlin is very feeble.

Most of the schools commence the first of June.

E. F. K.

HARTFORD, April 25.—If you will please re-publish the following from the Norway Advertiser, 1858, I will try to reciprocate the favor, as it was in my pen.

WM. BICKNELL.

APRIL 25, 1858.

T was on the twenty-eighth, at dawn, The ground was robed in white, Old Winter had sent on a storm, And put the spring to flight.

Winter, unwelcome guest, has come, And piles the snow in heaps, While Boreas likes to see the fun—The snow in frolic leaps.

Let friendship keep my bosom warm, 'Twill cause each one to smile, And smiling looks, from each fair form, Will stormy hours beguile.

No gloomy thoughts my soul eclipse, No fond affection dies, No unkind word escapes my lips, If Love each fault describes.

Then let the wind in fury rage, It will again be calm; Man must read variety's page, Or home will lose its charm.

No storm without is so severe As one within thy breast; Then let the snow dance—never fear, For sol will make it rest.

HARTFORD.

\*Thirteen inches of snow fell—drifts four feet deep.

Five inches of snow fell last night, which is proving like the snow which fell on the 28th, 1858, and on the 26th, 1874—thirteen inches at one time, both years, a blessing to the grass ground, which looks well for the long, cold, snowy winter.

When the sun's rays are felt the ground settles fast. Sap utensils were housed by many, by the 15th, to the joy of many, owing to the miserable sap weather—one of the worst ever experienced. No sign of damage to fruit trees by the mice. The snow leaving without damage.

HARTFORD.

NEWRY, April 20.—Geo. W. Magill died very suddenly at about 5 o'clock on Fast day morning (the 19th) of heart disease. Age, about thirty years. He leaves a wife, to whom he was married about two and a half years ago. He was a member of the Methodist class, having professed religion and joined class Aug. 11, 1878. He lived on Sunday River.

Rev. A. H. Witham was kicked in the side by a colt, Fast day evening, while harnessing a horse in the stable; one or two ribs are supposed to be fractured just below the heart and are very lame, causing a great deal of pain.

OXFORD.—We recently had the pleasure of reading Coolidge and Mansfield's History of the Towns of New England—an interesting and accurate work. From it we condense the following, relating to Oxford:—"Oxford, in the southern part of Oxford County, originally formed a part of Hebron, from which it was incorporated Feb. 27, 1829. It was settled during the closing years of the Revolutionary War by Capt. Isaac Bolster from Worcester, John Ipswich, Job and Joseph Cushman and Peter Thayer from Plympton, Daniel Whitney, Daniel Bullen, Zadock and Abraham Dean, Elliot Richmond, Daniel and Asa Bartlett, Nathaniel Fuller, Holmes Thomas, Zebulon Chadborne, James Soule and

James Perry, from different places,—all from Mass. These settlers came within a few years of each other. The progress of the settlement was slow, more so from the various obstacles that deterred settlers from pushing out into the wilderness than from any difficulties presented by the soil or position of the place. William C. Whitney settled here in 1796, and remained until about 1840, having several important offices. J. S. Keith and J. J. Perry (now of Portland) are distinguished residents [this was written about 20 or 25 years ago]—both have been members of the State Senate. Mr. Perry recently represented this district in the Congress of the United States, and has been chosen to the 36th Congress." Twenty or twenty-five years ago there were three saw-mills, a grist-mill, two woolen mills, and a tannery here. Population in 1850, 1,233—in 1880 it was 1,685—a gain of only 452 in 30 years.

We saw a statement in a paper a few weeks ago that Oxford was the growth of the last decade. These facts show otherwise. Can not some of our readers give us further facts concerning the early history of Oxford, or anecdotes of her early settlers?

Fast day was duly observed here—as in other parts of the State—as a day of humiliation and fasting. The "city" fasted some as they do Thanksgiving day—from one meal to the next; they humiliated themselves by trying to fondle the festive foot-ball, mangling and mashing what few toes were left over from last spring's campaign. We saw no one intoxicated, and no sign of liquor, except that once in a while a bottle would peep forth from beneath an uplifted coat-tail. We didn't get a smell, but we suppose the bottles contained St. Jacobs Oil, for the rheumatism.

John Folley of Norway is in town, as smiling as ever. John was at one time an inmate of the Tewksbury Almshouse, of which so much is being said in the Boston dailies. John says "old Ben [Butler] is an awful good man and ought to be the next President." We expect old Ben thinks so too.

The engine house is being fixed over. Advent meetings will in future be held there each Sunday.

D. B. Wood is fixing up his new residence near the covered bridge, and is soon to move in.

Charley Smith has sold to James Holden the place where the latter has lived, and moved, and made baskets for several years.

S. T. Holbrook has a lot of Bay State Fertilizer for sale. It is a good article. Ben. Flood has gone to slinging paint for a living.

Granville Fernald's Grand Fast Day Concert was a success. The male quartette was exceptionally worthy of special mention; and Miss Fanny R. Howe well sustained her reputation as "one of Oxford Co.'s most gifted singers." Space forbids the mention of others.

A. G. Hinds, of the Lake House, has sold the famous trotting horse, "Cotton Tail," to Mass. parties for a good round sum.

Commencement of work for the new bridge at Welchville:—the river has taken out the props and in other ways is getting the old one ready to come down.

School: Miss D'albra Young, a first class teacher, will teach the grammar school; Clara Elliot of Rumford the primary one.

Jones's Orchestra furnishes music for the closing exercises of the winter and spring term of Hebron Academy.

Fernald had a concert at Welchville the 20th; the lovely ones were there.

Fifty have risen for prayers, twelve have been baptized, and two taken into the Methodist Church here, during the past winter.

A. Gray & Co., last week, should have been A. Frog & Co.

A. WARD, JR.

PARIS.—Mr. O. A. Thayer has applied for a patent on a new folding table, designed by him. The device for raising and securing the legs is a very simple and effective appliance, and if a patent is secured on it, it is likely to supersede all the designs heretofore used.

Mr. Horace Cummings is making extensive repairs on his hotel, the Union House. Hutchinson & Newell are selling good sized bottles of assorted pickles for fifteen cents. They also sell corn at twelve cents per can, which is the lowest figure yet reached on this article.

There was a large meeting of citizens, present at the school house, Tuesday evening, to consult about repairs on the Academy building. O. A. Thayer, H. R. Hubbard and J. B. Cole were chosen to superintend the repairs. Work will be pushed at once, and the building will receive a thorough overhauling.

Don't forget the May Day festival, Tuesday evening. See posters and programmes already distributed.

At the teachers' examination, Saturday, April 28, the Committee was pleased with the comparatively large number of teachers in attendance. The names of those present, and the districts in which they are engaged to teach are as follows: Hattie C. Swan, No. 3; M. Rose Giles, Grammar School, No. 9; Alma M. Foster, No. 7; Helen A. Johnson, No. 1; Annie L. Libby, No. 5; Lizzie P. Hammond, No. 10; Florence A. Maxim, No. 15; J. Ella Benson, No. 12; Lucy A. Andrews, No. 17; Alpha J. Parsons, No. 8; Eunie W. Forbes, No. 4; Mary A. Stone, No. 18; The committee have decided that hereafter teachers who fail to come to the public examination will have to call upon at least two members of the Committee before a certificate will be issued unless previously excused by them.

A parish meeting will be held Saturday, to consider the resignation of Dr. Estes. Mr. Estes has faithfully served the parish for ten years and the question of allowing him to seek another field is so important, that all who have a voice in the matter should give it careful consideration before the meeting.

The village schools opened Monday with Misses Giles and Ripley as teachers.

SOUTH PARIS.—True's Mill is still grinding notwithstanding the dam break.

Mr. E. F. Stone is painting his tasteful cottage in the prevailing fashionable style—two shades of green, enlivened by dashes of bright red.

A fire-escape has been placed on Odd Fellow's Block. The iron work was done by N. D. Bolster has just put in a lot of

of butter tubs manufactured at North Paris—patronizing town industries.

Alva Sturteiff is erecting an office, next to Walker's clothing shop. A. C. T. King does the carpenter work.

The roads have settled rapidly, and they are in good condition in this vicinity.

The farmers are preparing for their spring's work; they are to plant their usual number of acres of sweet corn—many of them believing this to be one of the most profitable crops they can raise. Messrs Burnham & Morrill are prompt in their payments, and every farmer is sure of his money.

An unusual number of the buildings are receiving rich coats of paint.

Mr. Maxim the School Agent reports whole number of scholars in the Dist. No. 2, 211.

P. C. Merrill has been very busy of late shipping plows to various sections of Maine; his spring business far exceeds that of any previous year. The O. K. plow is having the approval of the farmers, and is destined to have a great sale. The "Champion Horse Hoe" will be up to its former excellence, and will be sold at a reduced price. Quite a number have been ordered by Massachusetts dealers.

S. P. Maxim & Son are removing the lumber from the basement of their shop to put in machinery. The orders come in so fast that they are obliged to increase their present manufacturing facilities.

G. W. Hobbs who has run a variety store at Norway successfully has rented the store in Odd Fellows Block which has been vacant for some time and will sell crockery, glass and tinware at the lowest prices.

Mr. Whitehouse of the firm Bailey & Whitehouse, blacksmiths received a severe injury to his right hand while shoeing last Thursday.

N. Mason has been compelled to cease his labors as one of the assessors for a while on account of ill health. Capt. Pratt who has filled that position acceptably is doing his work at present.

WEST PARIS.—We are just beginning to realize that winter is gone. The ice has very quietly left the Little Androscoggin, and the boys are looking up their fishing-rods. Grass never looked better at this season of the year.

Nathaniel Young, G. W. Young, E. B. Humphrey and Eugene Richardson are painting their buildings. Several others of our citizens are intending to go and do likewise.

Harry Johnson is building a stable for his Jersey calf. The calf is a present to Harry.

L. B. Swan has sold his farm to James Curtis for three thousand dollars. J. H. Burnham has sold a part of the Washburn farm to Sullivan Andrews.

On Fast day, the bobbin makers and the chair makers played what was called a friendly game of base ball. It was a close game, the score standing twenty-four to twenty-five. A few of the players had to be brought off the field: C. H. Lane with a strained or fractured ankle, is still confined to the house; F. H. Hill with a broken finger, is doing well; a few others were more or less injured, but it was good fun.

The messes are going the rounds. Mrs. Holland Curtis and all the children, six in number, are sick with them, and Mrs. Curtis is dangerously so.

J. A. Tuell has sold one of his fast horses to parties out of town.

Our village blacksmiths are full of work.—H. Curtis making a specialty of carriage work. Fickett and Whitman are making a specialty of shoeing, and we learn they charge the same price as last season, while most of the blacksmiths have advanced the price about twenty-five per cent.

George W. Kinsley, who had been sick for several weeks, died on the 4th inst. Mr. Kinsley was about forty-four years old, and unmarried; a sturdy, industrious and honest citizen. He had been one of the Selectmen of Greenwood,







## Dealers in Dry Goods, Cloaks and Carpets.







